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A WOMAN'S PLEA.

Yea God has made me a woman,
And I am content to be
Just what he meant, not reaching out
For better things, since he
he knows me best and loves me best has ordered this for me.

A woman to live my life out,
In quiet, womanly way,
Hearing the far-off battle,
Seeing as through a haze
The crowding, struggling world of men fight for their busy days.

I am not strong, or valiant,
I would not join in the fight,
Or jostle with man in the highway,
Or stain my garments white,
But I have rights as a woman and here I claim my rights.

The right of a rose to bloom,
In its own sweet separate way,
With none to question the perfumed pink,
And none to utter a nay
That it reaches a root, or points a thorn, as even a rose-tree may.

The right of the lady birch to grow—
To grow as the Lord may please,
By never a sturdy oak rebuked,
Denied nor sun, nor breeze,
For all its pliant slenderness kin to the stronger trees.

The right to a life of my own;
Not merely a casual bit
Of somebody else's life flung out
That, taking hold of it
I may stand as a cypher does, after a numeral writ.

The right to gather and glean
What food I need and can
From the garnered stores of knowledge
Which man has heaped for man,
Taking with free hands freely and after an ordered plan.

The right, ah 'best and sweetest—
To stand all undismayed
Wherever pain, or sorrow, or sin,
Call for a woman's aid.
With none to cavil or misconstrue, by never a look gainsayed.

I do not beg for a ballot,
Though very life were at stake.
I would beg for the nobler, juster way,
That men, for manhood's sake;
Should give ungrudging, and not withhold till I must fight and take.

The fleet foot and the feeble foot
Both seek the self same goal:
The meekest soldier's name is writ
On the mighty army roll:
And God, who made man's body strong, made also the woman's soul.

Brother Gardner on Amusements.

"Several letters have com to me doorin' de pas' week axin' me to define my poshishun on dis queshun of amusements," said the old man, as the lamps were turned up. "Ebery once in awhile dar am a yell fur reform, an' sartin men an' women weep an' wail ober de gineral wickedness of de world. De church pitches into de theater, de prayer meetin' whacks away at dancin', an' de Sunday school teacher tells de leetle boys dat de circus am nex' doah to perdishun. It has bin my opinyun fur de las' fifty y'ars dat dis was a wicked world. It was created fur a wicked world. De Lawd wanted it dat way, an' he made it to please his self. De Scriptures state dat wickedness shall abound in ebery co'ner of de land; dat men shall murder an' rob, an' women go astray; dat chill'en shall deny deir parents, an' brudder turn ag'in brudder. All such fings am predicted, an' to be 'spected an' looked fur, an' nobody has any ground to howl an' weep. If dis war a good world we should have no need of preachers, deacons, and Sunday school teachers. Preachers will tell you dat man am imperfect, an' dat the Lawd made him to go astray, an' yet they will turn aroun' an' wonder dat he am not goodness biled down. Deed, gem'len, but the only better world dan dis am heaben itself. You have got to hunt wickedness to fin' it. You have got to prejudge the case if you can make wickedness out of de jokes of a circus clown or de plot of de ordinary drama. If I had to praise God by findin' fault wid the world he made an' de people he put here, I'm afraid it would be faint praise. De preacher who can't go to the theater without feelin' wicked had better stay away. If he wasn't on de hunt to fin' wickedness he wouldn't see it any mo' dan de rest of us. Me an' de ole woman kin go out an' dance Virginy reel fur fo' hours, an' come home with cl'ar consciences fur family prayers. We kin sot down to keerds an' not forgit to be honest and charitable an' forgivin'. We kin go to a circus an' come home an' fank God dat our lives have been spar'd anoder day, an' forgive de errin'. If gwine to sich places makes a preacher feel dat Satan has got a mortgage on him, den he'd better stay home. No man airnest in de good cause wants to fight agin human natur'. Man am a social bein'. He likes to be pleased and amoosed. Make a tombstone of him an' he'll soon hate hisself. When I see a man who claims to be too good to watch a circus perceshun pass' along the street, I nebber work for him widout de cash in advance. When I fin' a man who am down on amoosement, I dosn' work fur him at all. A y'ar ago, when me an de ole woman was joggin' obor to de circus we met a man who said he was gwine straight to Texas. He said we would sooner see his son in his coffin dan in a circus, an' he scart the ole lady most to death. I kept sight of dat tombstone, an' in less dan six months he left town widout payin' his gas bill, water tax, butcher, or grocer, an' he am no exception in his class. Look out for solum-faced men. Bewar' of men who weep ober de wickedness of a world made by de Lawd for reasons of his own. Have no truck wid men who nebber laff. A man widout faults am a man widout reason. A man widout wickedness am a man widout argyment.—*Detroit Free Press.*

TRADE MARK.—The use of any name or symbol as a trade mark must be new, to make an exclusive right to use it as such. If the term has ever before been used as applicable to a like article, it cannot be exclusively appropriated. It is also a rule that if the article is known to commerce in general by the term claimed as the trade mark, the claim is ill-founded. It is a further rule that if the term employed indicate the nature, kind or quality of the article, instead of showing the origin of it, an exclusive right to the use of the term may not be maintained.

Flies and Bugs

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats mice, gopher chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats. 15c.

The Sirocco.

SOME OF THE DELIGHTS OF THE EARLY SPRING IN SICILY

A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* writes,

Between Sicily and England there is not a poet nor an artist who would deny that the charm of physical existence was with the former. But there are exceptions—the stream of life does not always run entirely smooth even in Sicily; and though the medal may be of gold it has its due proportion of alloy. During the tramontana, say, when all the aches and pains which are borne by the east wind crowd upon you with redoubled force, you have the alloy, not the gold, and you question very closely the pleasantness of the place where your lines are cast. But the tramontana can be evaded, if not conquered. You are not obliged to go out; or if you are, you can wrap yourself up in warm woolen clothing, and dodge your enemy behind a cachenez, or a brigand's fur-lined coat.

The tramontana may be circumvented, but what shall we say of the sirocco? What, indeed! Only Dante could do justice to its horrors; only setting it side by side with the plagues of Egypt could rightly catalogue it. During the sirocco you do not live, you exist; and your existence is suffering. All the strength goes out of your sinews; all the stiffness out of your backbone. You have no energy, no hope, no cheerfulness, no patience! Your head is burning, your heart heavy as lead, your nerves are rasped and as if lying bare, your temper is a curse to yourself and an infliction to your neighbors; and you take kindly to the strange new heresy which makes this planet the place of torment and human life the expiation of force of guilt.

At night you cannot sleep; during the day you can neither work nor play. When you get up in the morning and see the clouds of dust hanging heavy in the air; when you note what has crept in through the crevices during the night, and is now lying settled on everything in your room—when you find sand between your teeth and rub sand into your eyes—then you know what is before you, and shudder at the melancholy prospect of the day.

When the noon comes, hot and fierce like the blast of a furnace; when the air burns your face, cracks your skin and dries up your hair till it feels like gritty hay; when the intolerable glare over everything, even when the sun does not shine, makes your eyes ache, and when it does seem as if it would blind you there and then—you think that your cup is full, and that it would be impossible to add more to your tale of suffering.

But when the night falls things are even worse. The heat is intense, and the earth seems to radiate a dull and poisonous fire. If you open your windows you are burned; if you keep them shut you are suffocated.

Mosquitoes seem to be made of the same stuff as those stout "mediums" who can drop through a roof or two or ceilings, pass through closed windows and two-inch doors, without more difficulty than a flash of electricity; for with all the windows fastened they somehow manage to make good their existence and to make you aware that they are there. During a sirocco they bite like fury; so do the light cavalry, which abound as if born of the dust which crumbles under your feet as you walk across your tiled floor; so do the myriads of flies which infest your apartment, for the one part, and for the other, they fall about like drunken things and sicken you with their heavy loathsome touch. Well for you if these are your only living enemies! Life is prolific in Sicily; creeping and flying things of all kinds are abundant and ubiquitous; and it would seem as if the native skin were inpervious to assaults which fairly madden you.

Everything suffers during the sirocco. The flowers droop and fade, and the grass, or what takes the place of grass here—is burned and browned. In the Favorita, which should be a very carpet woven of all manner of wild flowers, there are not this year one-tenth the usual number. The orchards are stunted; the moss is parched and dry; many seeds have not come up at all; many roots are withered before flowering; the orange and lemon gardens are diseased, and the fruit is covered with fungus, or the larvæ of the little insect which incrusts the rind with small brown oval spots, and the leaves are shriveled and blighted.

Day by day you pant for the rain which never comes, and without which all things pine now and die hereafter. In normal seasons the sirocco lasts for three days, and then passes off in rain; this year it blows for more than its alloted term—blows almost continuously, and no rain falls. Night by night the sun sets in fiery vapors, which presage storm and deluge; day by day the morning sky is overcast with clouds which anywhere else would mean a heavy downpour. But by noon these have cleared away, and the sun shines free of all obstacles, save that light brown veil of dust the blue haze which lies scentless over the town.

This might have occurred as related, but there is no law compelling anybody to believe it:

"In a certain town in Maine some farmers went out haying, and carried with them a jug of cider, which they put in the shade of a tree. While they were at work a snake swallowed a toad, which swelled him greatly. He then crawled near to the jug, which was tipped over on the ground, and espied another toad on the other side. Seeing the quickest way, the snake stuck his head through the handle of the jug, and quietly swallowed toad No. 2. Now, to the snake's amazement, he couldn't move either way, as he had a toad on each side of the handle. In that peculiar position he was captured by the farmers."

(N. B.—This anecdote may be used with good effect by political stump speakers in mentioning the opposite party. Paste it in your hat.)

In France journalism is a more alluring profession than in either England or America. All editorials in Paris newspapers are signed with the real name of the writer, who may thus build up a valuable reputation and receive the just reward of his labors. A journalist of moderate ability is paid $100 a month to begin with after six months; if he continues well, $200 a month; and when his name begins to command attention he can fix his own terms.

Miscegenation Among the Indians.

Among the Northwestern tribes of Indians, innocence is as marked among the girls as their color. The impression that the red maiden does not entertain a high standard of morality is an error, for she is taught as other girls are, and grows up with well-developed ideas of the responsibilities of life and a firm resolution to discharge them. Educated in the faith that she was ordained to work, she trains herself to undergo hard labor, and at sixteen years of age is sturdy and strong, brave against fatigue, and a perfect housewife. She may not possess New England notions of cleanliness, but she takes not a little pride in her appearance, and in the arrangement of her lodge she displays some crude ideas of taste and a certain amount of neatness. If she marries a white man she makes him a good wife as long as she lives with him. His home is her sole comfort and his comfort her ambition. She thinks of him and for him, and makes it her study to please him and make him respect and love her. She recognizes in him one of a superior race, and by her dignity and devotion endears herself to him and struggles to make him happy.

At the agencies on the upper frontier thousands of men are employed, and it is not an exaggeration to say that the majority of them have Indian wives and live happily. They are not sought after by the maidens, for the Indian girl's custom is to remain quiet until the marriage contract is made and the marriage portion paid over. The husband must have the dowry, with which he must invest his projected mother-in-law before the ceremony takes place. The process is a little out of the usual run, and a description may be of interest. The aspiring bridegroom must be well known in the tribe before he can hope to win a wife. Her people want to thoroughly understand him and to know if he can support not only her, but also her relatives in the event of a pinch. He must be a kind-hearted man, with a temper warranted to keep in any domistic climate and he must have a good lodge and at least half a dozen horses. If he be and have all these, he can a-wooing go. Selecting the lady, he makes application to her mother, and at a council the price is fixed upon. If the girl be especially pretty, her mother will demand a gun, two horses, and a lot of provisions, blankets and cloth. A gun is valued at $50, a horse at $20, and he must furnish material to bring the amount up to from $100 to $150. Then he tries to beat the dame down, and, if he succeeds, he knows there is some reason for letting the girl go; if not, he understands that he is making a good choice. The courtship is left entirely to the mother. She communicates the intelligence to the bride-elect, who dutifully sets upon preparing the lodge for the nuptials. Relatives and friends congregate, form a circle, pound a drum and have a feast, at the conclusion of which the man and girl stand up. A blanket is thrown over their heads, under which they exchange vows of fidelity, after which the mother blesses them, and the ceremony is complete. But it fares badly with a man who plentifully stocks his wedding lodge. His wife will give away everything he gives her, and stores intended to last a month will disappear in an hour. He, if he be called cautious, will give her barely enough to eat until he teaches economy, a lesson which, once thoroughly learned, she never forgets. For some time after the wedding the newly-made relatives haunt the happy lodge, demanding that they be feasted and cared for. Woe unto him who accedes in the slightest. A firm refusal, well persevered in is all that will save him a life of misery.

According to prairie law, it is disreputable in a white man to abandon his dusky wife until she has grown too old to work for him. Then he may send her back to her tribe if he so elect. The obligation upon the wife is different. She may not desert the husband for another white man, but she may leave him for an Indian who wants to marry her, provided she has no children. If a squaw desires to abandon her husband, the Indian of her choice must pay back the price originally paid to her mother. He may abate no jot or tittle, and it is in such payment that the divorce is perfected. She then becomes a single woman, free to marry, but she cannot live in the vicinity inhabited by her former husband. She must move away with her new venture. Such divorces are not infrequent. It is a difficult thing for the squaw to perfectly adapt herself to her white husband. He may be of the kindest disposition; but his ways are not her ways, and though she struggles with all her strength to draw closer to him and try to make her existence a part of his, she cannot make him one of her kind, and she drifts away from him. The birth of children directs her thoughts into a new channel, and lessens the chasm between them, but without them he has but little hope of keeping her to himself. Sooner or later she will find her affinity.

Why Women Work.

It is curious that the world has yet to be convinced that women do not love to work any better than men do. They are credited with dependence, with a love of ease and luxury, and yet when a salaried position is in question the woman has to take less because "she needs less."

It cannot be because she spends less, for the extravagance of women was dwelt upon by Solomon and Jeremiah, and it is a song that has never known a rest. The reason for the difference in wages is generally found to be in the assertion that women who do not need a support or who have few responsibilities crowd into the paid occupations. There is an inconsistency here. If she loves ease, why does she work. If she spends more how is it she needs less?

The truth is that very few women work from any other reason, but necessity. Here and there is one who loves independence, works for it, and deserves it, and here and there is another who would rather work than forego certain luxuries, and she earns them, but the majority of women work because they have responsibilities, and as a class they are more reliable, sober and economical workers, for no woman with a family of little children gambles away their bread and butter, or no sister or daughter who is, of necessity, the bread winner wastes what she earns, and comes home to a sad, hungry family, bringing them empty hands and an indifference to their needs.—*Forney's Progress.*

LINCOLN INSTITUTE.

ITS FLOURISHING CONDITION—HOW ITS INFLUENCE HAS STEADILY INCREASED.

To the Editor of THE ADVOCATE:

Will you be so kind as to allow space in your able paper for an article concerning an admirable training school situated in Missouri?

Lincoln Institute is a growing institution of learning located on the heights just outside the limits of Jefferson City. The Institute had its origin in funds contributed by the 62d and 64th Regiments of the United States colored infantry, when they were discharged from service in 1866. It existed as a private school for several years, during the most of which time the pupils were taught in rented buildings. In 1871 the main building on the Institute grounds was completed, a substantial brick building 60 by 70 feet. In 1879 Lincoln Institute became a State Normal School, although it still retains its former name, having for its principal object the preparation of teachers for the colored schools of Missouri. Students trained in this school are now successfully teaching in all parts of the state. The Legislature of 1879 appropriated $1,500 for the support of the school, of which $500 was to be applied to the payment of its indebtedness, the remainder to be expended in paying the salaries of its teachers and for other necessary expenses. The Legislature of 1881 appropriated $5,000 for the erection of a dormitory for the lady students, $1,000 to purchase apparatus for the scientific department $10,000 for salaries making the total amount to $16,000.

The last three years form a very important period in the history of this institution. During this time Prof. Inman E. Page, A.M., of Washington, D. C., has been the efficient Principal. Prof. Page is a graduate of Brown University, of which he was the first graduate of color. There he received the highest honors of his class, being chosen class orator for the class of 1877. Success in his University career has thus far shown itself to be but the initial page of his success in life. The constant manliness, integrity of purpose and innate genius which he has exhibited from the beginning of his connection with the school in 1878 (then simply an assistant Professor) until now, its recognized head, have won for him a very high place in the esteem of the most noble-minded citizens of Missouri. The following incident, an account of which appeared recently in one of the daily papers, will perhaps forcibly impress the truth of the statements:

"A white clergyman from St. Louis while visiting Jefferson City met Prof. Page, and in a letter to the *South Western Methodist* concerning what he saw while here writes thus: 'One of the most accomplished men I met was a man of color—of pure African descent; a Virginian, a man of education and acquirements, who is most successfully conducting Lincoln Institute, a state institution for colored youth.'"

Through the untiring zeal of this worthy young man the Legislature of this year has appropriated the usual $10,000 for repairing the main building, $2,000 for completing the ladies' dormitory, $500 for a school library, $2,500 for an addition to the faculty and for other necessary expenses, again making the total appropriation $16,000. The number of students in attendance this year has been unusually large, and at one time it was impossible to comfortably accommodate all who made application for board and apartments. On this account the Board of Regents has decided to increase the room by the addition of another story to the ladies' dormitory.

Prof. Page is constantly assisted in his labors by his noble wife, Mrs. Zelia R. Page, B.A., *nee* Ball. The latter name is undoubtedly a familiar one to many of the readers of this paper, for Mrs. Page is a graduate of Wilberforce University, from which institution she graduated with honors. She is a lady of much native culture and refinement and possesses artistic talents of superior quality; but more than all, she has that without which the former qualifications would be useless—solid common sense. In the management of the internal affairs of Lincoln Institute the lady students are Mrs. Page's especial charge, although the young men are often found coming to her for advice and motherly care.

We make these statements not only to give publicity to the fact that the physical, moral and intellectual education of both sexes in attendance here has consetent oversight and is constantly looked after, but also because these estimable educators having spared neither money, time nor anxious forethought to ennoble the minds committed to their care are certainly worthy of these few words of praise, and of a much higher tribute than it is in our power to bestow.

The students of the Institute made a very favorable impression while the Legislature of this year was in session, not only in their class recitations, which were quite frequently visited by the members, but also by a musical and literary entertainment which they gave in the largest hall in the city and at the request of several prominent legislators, repeated at the Capitol.

The passage of the appropriation bill was of course watched with intense interest by those to whom the event meant so much, and on the morning after the decision, when it became known that the bill had been passed without opposition of any sort, the students unanimously adopted the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, The Missouri House of Representatives has passed an act soon to become a law, by which the facilities of Lincoln Institute will be multiplied, its Faculty strengthened and its sphere of usefulness increased and extended, and

WHEREAS, It is due entirely to the energy and tact of Prof. I. E. Page that the claims of the Institute have been so ably and effectively presented, therefore

Resolved, That we, the students of Lincoln Institute, do hereby congratulate Prof. Page upon the successful issue of his untiring efforts.

Resolved, That we tender him the assurance of our gratitude for one more act added to a lengthening list of acts tending to build up the Institute and make an already worthy school still more worthy of the position which it occupies.

Resolved, That we felicitate our Alma Mater upon her brightening prospects, which we will endeavor to make even more resplendent, not only by returning ourselves and bringing others, if possible, but also by offering an ever ready defense against the slanders of selfish men.

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be made for Prof. Page and leading papers.

Short speeches on the adoption of these resolutions were made by several of the students, after which Prof. Page responded in his usual graceful manner, leaving upon the minds of all present impressions of moral and intellectual greatness which will not be soon effaced.

J. A. S.

POLITICS.

BY LE DUKE.

It is not customany for one of my gender to talk about politics. To be sure, politics is a free subject, open alike to both sexes and to all classes. Indeed, I have sometimes thought that it is too free. From Victoria Wordhull all the way down the line of deplorable humanity until you reach the uncertain depths where stands the incorrigible Dr. Mary Walker—that human novelty whose appearance resembles both man and women,—on the female side, and from the veritable statesman to the most arrant ignoramus on the male side, we may expect to hear opinions and arguments relating to politics. Judging from the habit among all classes of men (especially colored men) one, would think that politics is the nations favorite business. This may seem more general among colored people, because, perhaps, it does not require much brain to become an ordinary politician. Our "culled" politicians seem to be satisfied with a pat on the back or an obsequirous bravo! accompanied by "have a drink?" "Come to see me, my wife and children will be out to-morrow and we can have a jolly time unmolested," from a white aspirant; and for this our politician will freely give his services and willingly take the stump or attend a primary, there to belch forth in garbling platitudes and violent anathemas, forgetful of their own manhood and reckless concerning the interest of the colored people.

Now, if a man deserves to be a politician, it appears to me that he can turn his business to some good account. He can, in the first place, prepare himself by cultivating a familiarity with important political facts, can assiduously labor to find what the people want and then go about determining how that want can be supplied. He can be independent and indefatigable, allying with no faction whose practices are inconsistent with good government and whose administration does not champion and acknowledge the rights of man. The fact is, our colored politicians are too much absorbed by an inordinate love of the white man, too much afraid that some worthy colored man may come to the front and gain the good wishes and support of the masses. They squabble and brawl about small matter and let great matters pass unnoticed.

But I did not mean to speak of politicians, merely. I desire to speak of the voter without whom the politicians occupation would be gone It is a deplorable fact that the colored man in this country has no status—no real status. Of course there are certain words and combinations of words in the statute-books which under a literal interpretation signify that the colored people are all that any other class of American citizen care to be—full fledged citizens. But the cold statement is not enough. The statement does not make it so. The fact is that there is no sentiment to give practicability to the statutes concerning our rights. And this is partially due to our own want of proper self-appreciation, of proper regard for the uses to which citizens can legitimately put their suffrages in the interest of individual and race development. We are too prone to be ungratefully grateful. We seem to think that because a certain party was instrumental giving us freedom perpetual servitude must be the price of this accident of war. We forget that we owe a duty to our fathers and brothers who fought as hard and as well as the whites, for our freedom and the enjoyment of fullest rights. We must not forget that our parents, brothers and friends fought that we might exercise judicious discrimination in the matter of choosing methods for our elevation and benefit.

We should remember that our suffrages are regarded (and very properly too) as the best and most positive measure of our intelligence. And remembering this, we should support a party which may not only affirm grand principles but reduces them to practice; that disposes of its favors (when it has any to dispose of) with just regard for merit as secured upon the basis of actual elective strength, intelligence and moral fitness. The colored voter should hold conventions, if they desire it, and pave the way for the organization of a general protective union. They should consider labor questions, educational questions and other social questions and let it be understood that the man or set of men who do not act with manliness toward the colored people considered from any of the above standpoints, will meet the united opposition of colored voters. We should weed out the men who are poisoning the blood and making inoperative the principles of the republican party. Especially is it the duty of the colored voters of the North, who under the present political conditions, hold the balance of power, to make a bold stand in favor of their rights.

Let them insist that the grievances they complain of are doubly more hurtful to their proper growth than the complaints of the German, and that the fullest assurance that their claims and those of the whole race will be at once acknowledged and satisfied will be the only condition upon which united support will be given. The politicians have been wondering what the German will do. It will be a cold day, if proper treatment is not shown the colored voter. When the leader begin to count noses they had better count well. The colored people of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois have reasons to be counselled by the colored people of the South; for they are to pass definitely upon the rights and liberties of the whole class. If a convention is held, the endorsement of an effective plan by which to command respect and patronage *must* come from the voters of the North. Hence, a proper representation from that section must be had. Let the men deal fairly with one another. Let them "resolute" in the most determined and united manner. Let them say what they want and then go home to use their votes and influence towards satisfying the want in such manner as the parties convened may adopt. As a very prominent white Virginia politician said the other day. "The darkey is not worth a cent more than his vote *just now*, but when they begin to *see* this and exercise intelligence, he will be worth as much as any other man." Of course this needs a little pruning and straightening out, but the central idea is a good one and we had better "catch on" to the idea and begin to act on that presumption. If I were a man, I should deem it beneath the stature of true manhood to be made to swing on the postern gate when I could by manly and intelligent conduct pass in under the porticullis at the main entrance.

Marry a Gentleman.

It was excellent advice I saw lately given to young ladies urging them to marry only gentlemen or not to marry at all. The word was used in its broadest, truest sense. It did not have reference to those who had fine raiment and white hands and the veneering of society polish, merely, to entitle them to the distinction, but to those possessed of true manly and noble qualities, however hard their hands and sunbrowned their faces.

A true gentleman is generous and unselfish. He regards another's happiness and welfare as well as his own. You will see the trait running through all his actions. A man who is a bear at home among his sisters and discourteous to his mother, is just the man to avoid when you come to the great question which is to be answered yes or no. A man may be ever so rustic in his early surroundings, if he is a true gentleman he will not bring a blush to your cheek in any society by his absurd behavior. There is an instinctive politeness inherent in such a character which everywhere commands respect and makes its owner pass for what he is—one of nature's noblemen. Do not despair, girls; there are such men left still in the world. You need not all die old maids. But wait until the prince comes by. No harm in a little delay. You will not be apt to find him in the ball-room, and I know he will never be seen walking from the beer-saloon. Nor is he a champion billiard player, or even base ball player. He has not had time to qualify himself for such distinction. He has had too much honest, earnest work to do in the world. I have always observed that these "champions" were seldom good for very much else.

Be very wary in choosing, girls, when so much is at stake. Do not mistake a passing fancy for undying love. Marrying in haste rarely ends well. Do not resent too much the "interference" of parents. You will travel long and far in this world before you will find any one who has your true interest at heart more than your father and mother, and age and experience has given them an insight into character which is much beyond your own. It is very unsafe to marry a man against whom so wise a friend has warned you. I never knew a run-a-way match that was not followed by deep trouble in one way or another, and matches made "in spite" are pretty sure to end in life-long repentance.

POLLY DEANE.

Pompeii.

One of the most interesting features of the excavations in this buried city is the discovery of many homely domestic articles of which we have counterparts. It is astonishing how many things in common use now were in use then. You will see almost every kitchen utensil, portable cooking-stoves, jelly-cake tins, and buttermoulds in the imitation of birds and flowers, pots, kettles, crocks, dishes, cups and saucers, spoons, knives and forks, dippers, skimmers, sauce-pans, frying-pans, lamps, lamp-stands, flesh hooks, and braziers for charcoal. Pretty much every kitchen, dining-room, or chamber article found in modern use entered into Roman daily life. All the articles of a lady's toilet, including jewelry of all kinds, gold and silver ornaments, corals and precious stones, were found in the houses of Pompeii. Taken from the retail shops were steelyards, balances, weights and measures. From a doctor's office was recovered a full set of surgical instruments, including "pulikins" for extracting teeth, and trepans for drilling holes in the skull. There is any number of shoemaker, tailor, carpenter, and blacksmith tools, and, indeed, implements of almost every present mechanical operation,

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COMMENCEMENT WEEK—WAYLAND AND HOWARD.

We are now fairly ushered into the season of commencements. Cream tinted sheets with the finest and most unique designs of the engraver's art are as abundant now as wedding invitations when the society season is at its height. These reminders of light hearts, of happy countenances, of careful toilets, of daintily written essays, of polished orations, delivered with the matchless skill of a Phillips, possessinfi the ponderous logic of a Webster, the magnetism of a Ingersoll, and the view of the bundle of "sheepkins" entwined with ribbon—these things take us back to the years when we were "assistants" in such scenes and send our minds wondering forth in the far future, reading the destiny of those who side by side receive their degrees and receive the parting word with a spirit of meekness, of confidence, of hope.

The season has reached Washington. Wayland Seminary began on Wednesday night of last week at the Calvary Baptist Church. The usual program of rhetorical exercises of oration and essay was carried out. As stated last week certificates of graduation were conferred on nine gentlemen and two ladies. Prizes of $5 and $10 each were also awarded to the best essayist, the best orator, and for general excellence in studies. The remarks to the graduating class by Gen. Birney have previously been referred to.

As a result of the division of opinions among graduates of this institution there are now two associations, each claiming to be the alumni association. One in sympathy with Dr. King had its annual exercises at the Seminary on the following (Thursday) night and Rev. Wm. M. Alexander delivered the anniversary address. The other, which numbers a larger number of the more intelligent, better spirited and progressive of the graduates, gave their exercises at the 19th St. Baptist Church. It is simply justice to say that from a literary point of view they reflected great credit on the association and did much for their cause. In the absence of the president elect Mr. E. B. Brown presided and made the opening address. Mr. Murphy read a brief historical sketch of the alumni and their doings, getting in occasionally a few sarcastic hits at Rev. Bolden and Mr. Randolph, who adhered to the cause of Prof. King. The oration of Mr. Wayland, "Keep it before the people," was a most masterly-effort, in which the speaker exhibited powers of analysis, a lucidity and force of statement, a boldness of conception that bespeak for him a high stand as an influential leader in the development of his race. After the exercises at the church they adjourned to the hall, where they had a collation, at which toasts were proposed and sentiments were responded to.

Friday night the alumni of Howard University had their triennial exercises. Prof. Wiley Lane delivered an able address, in which he spoke of the opportunities of colored young men of education and the obstacles with which they had to contend. R. T. Moss delivered an oration on "The training of the head and the hand," which was commended for its practical views and the terse manner in which they were expressed.

Sunday was the baccalaureate day at Howard University. Dr. Patton delivered a sermon in which he spoke of the high aspirations of colored men for positions which they were not capable of filling, a spirit which he depreciated.

On Monday night the Law Department had their commencement at the Congregational Church. An interesting feature was the graduation of four of the gentler sex. One of these—Mary A. S. Cary, of Michigan—is colored, the others being white. After prayer by Rev. Mr. Grimke, Miss Emma M. Gillett read a thdsis, entitled "Stare decisis." Other papers were read as follows: Thesis, "Abuses of the jury system, J. G. Hutchins; thesis, "Libel," Robert J. Smith; thesis, "Popular study of law," Ruth G. D. Havens; valedictory, "Influence of law on civilization," James Dean. The address to the graduating class was made by B. F. Leighton, Esq. The president of the University, Rev. W. W. Patton, conferred degrees on the following: Jean Dean, Florida; Robert J. Smith, District of Columbia; James F. Carle, New York; Jacob G. Hutchins, Georgia; Louise V. Bryant, Colorado; Mary A. S. Cary, Michigan; Post graduates—Emma M. Gillett, South Carolina; Ruth G. D. Havens, Connecticut; R. S. Smith, Florida. On the platform were seated the members of the faculty, the graduates, Fred. Douglass, Register Bruce, Bishops Brown, Payne and others.

Mr. Dean's oration was delivered with ease and grace; his gestnres were especially beautiful. Mr. Smith spoke with the same ease that usually characterizes his efforts and Mr. Hutchins was earnest and forcible. Mrs. Haven speaks as an old stager who knows and scruples not to use all the tricks of the orator. Mr. Baker passed the best examination and he should have delivered the post graduate valedictory.

The twelfth annual commencement of the College Department of Howard University came off Thursday night. Dr. Craighead, of the Theological Department opened with prayer. Then after a piano solo by Miss Maria Perkins came the salulatory and oration on the Natural desire of reputation, by David C. Deans, Portsmouth, Virginia; Sam'l. C. Collins, Holly Springs, Miss; oration, the supremacy of science; Scott Wood, of Staunton, Va., The true scholar; Tapley S. D. Berger, Christiansburg, Va., The heroic in life and valedictory. After the conferring of the degrees of B. A. on Messrs. Deans, Wood, and Berger, and a diploma to Mr. Collins, stating that he had completed the literary course, the honorary degree of M. D. was conferred on W. H. Seaman, and LL D. on Hon. J. T. Wait. The standing of the three gentlemen who received the degree of B. A. varied only by the fraction of an unit.

GRIMES-ANDERSON ACADEMY.

We have received a catalogue of the Grimes-Anderson Academy of this city, an institution which is the outgrowth of a successful school that for several years has been under the conduct of the Rev. Robert Johnson, and which has been principally attended by pupils for whom there was no adequate provision in the public schools. The Academy provides three courses of instruction: a college preparatory course of four years, a normal of the same length, which is designed especially for those who aim at teaching or a practical English education and the elements of the classics, and a theological course of three years. There have been sixty-seven students in attendance this year. The instructors are Rev. J. L. Dart, A.M., Principal; Mr. A. C. Murphy, Robt. Johnson, Jr., and Miss Laura A. Fambro. C. B. Norris and Miss A. A. Park are assistant teachers. Their commencement exercises of Wednesday night give much promise of future usefulness.

This institution is established in opposition of no existing one, but as before intimated a necessary consequence of the needs of the school conducted by Rev. Johnson. Its establishment is quite opportune in view of the dissatisfnction with the Wayland Seminary by a large number of its alumni, and by many of its former patrons. Its establishment is also opportune in view of the insinuation of Gen. Birney that it is too soon for colored youth to be instructed in the highest branches of learning by colored teachers. No better way of giving the lie direct to this sentiment exists than by the success of the Grimes-Anderson Seminary. Those who are naturally indignant at the recent untimely utterances of "the attorney of Wayland Seminary," need but to have their attention called to the matter to give this new institution such liberal support, both as to pupils and contributions as will lead to its permanent endowment It it is not intended to be sectarian, so a trustee recently stated, a fact which we are glad to know; but it would not be amiss in view of this intention to have other than Baptists represented on the Board of Trustees. At the next election of trustees we presume this omission will be supplied.

THE VIRGINIA ELECTION.

The returns from the spring elections in Virginia last week have not been as favorable as desired. In the southwestern section the majorities have not been as heavy; in tide and the south side the Readjusters lost such counties as Charlotte, Dinwiddie, Southampton, Nansemand and Princess Anne, and elected only one or two officers in other counties in which the ticket has hitherto been successful. On the other hand in other sections they have held their own and especially in Frederick, the home of the late Governor Holliday, made gains. This is simply a general view. The official figures will not materially mar this picture by assailing its truthfulness.

But the public will err if they conclude that the coalition has received a serious reverse. Not so. Local issues, rather than questions of state policy, have determined the result in many counties. In Norfolk alone, the home of Dezendorf, there was a direct issue, and while Dezendorf, candidate for Sheriff, was defeated by a small plurality, the other opponents to the opposition ticket were successful.

Next fall, when the members of the lower house and one-half of the Senate are to be elected, mere local issues will be subordinated and the liberal principles of the Readjusters will triumph. Virginia cannot afford to take a step backward. Those who voted for Cameron in 1881, who made common cause with Mahone in 1882, and those who are in earnest for the defeat of Bourbon democracy next year, regardless of past association, will be found side by side marching steadily forward to continue the triumph which has released the Old Dominion from the fetters of political thought that made her subservient to the selfish schemes of the corrupt democracy.

A MISREPRESENTATION.

Seeing that our worthy contemporary has been "letting loose" on Mr. Douglass on account of an alleged conference held between that gentleman and the President, we called on Mr. Douglass to know about it. We found that gentleman in the brightest of moods; he seemed not to have seriously thought of the matter, although he had seen it. He was decidedly pronounced in his denial that he had, in any manner, spoken to the President on the subject of the Colored Convention. Mr. Douglass has occasion frequently to call upon the President; it is unfortunate that his visits are to be construed with anything like grovelling stupidity or want of faith. The *Globe* should be more careful how it attacks gentlemen.

A HOME-THRUST.

Last week's *Puck* contains a very striking caracature upon the demoralization of Bourbon society. It represents a "southern gentleman" who had killed two men in cold blood bowing in acknowledgment of the plaudits of the admiring crowd, while on the other side of the cut is represented a colored man who has been merely *suspected* of murder, suspended from the limb of a tree, his body filled with bullet holes. The Bourbon gentlemen may not heed such "*fuck*erings," but it would be well for them to remember that even a southern man of "honah" may find it wise to respect the rights of the colored people to a fair trial and to regard a man who can boast of having murdered two men as fit only fit for the hangman's rope.

It would be rather amusing if it would not be so ridiculous to our readers to hear some of the objections raised against the proposed National Convention. Prof. Greener is charged with opposing it because past conventions have been failures, and because he believed this one to be conceived in the interest of a National Independent movement to be made next ycar. He has since endeavored, we are told, to have Messrs. Smith and Chase removed from the War Department because they were encouraging a convention which was concocted to criticise the administration. Several others, among them the *Globe* in its last issue, because President Arthur has referred to the convention in conversation, the proof is clear that the scheme originated with him to advance his interests next year. Secretary Folger sees no necessity for a convention. He thinks the colored man has no political cause for complaint, and so on we might enumerate the various views and opinions showing that there is a wide diversity of opinions. Such objections to a convention if not superficialand capable of easy contradiction, certainly prove that there is no political and partisan scheme involved.

We call the attention of Gen. Birney to the letter published in another column giving some facts in the history of the Lincoln Institute at Jefferson City, Mo. We would also inform him that Mr. Page, the Principal of this institution, is a graduate of Brown University and a Negro, and so are several, if not all, of the faculty, one of them being Miss Josephine Silone, who graduated from the High and Normal Schools of Providence, R. I., a few years ago taking two courses in her last year. If Gen. Gen. Birney had been consulted he would have advised the trustees not to think of committing such a piece of folly as giving these colored graduates positions which some white philanthropist, especially with an anti-slavery record, would much better (?) hold. Thank God the descendants of border ruffiians and the ex-Confederates of Missouri better understand how to develope a race than the son of the Liberty party presidential candidate of 1844; much better than the breaker up of slave prisons and the commander of colored troops. Aye, verily.

There is no fear as entertained by some colored people of Virginia, that the National Convention would interfere with the Readjuster movement in that state or any similar organized effort in any other state. No such convention would, against the voice of a state delegation, dare to do aught to hazard the political or other interests of any one commonwealth, and of one thing there need be no fear—the colored people of Virginia would sacrifice life, if need be, before they would stem the tide of progress which the Liberal movement h set in motion.

Received "Labor and Capital," by Edward Kellogg, published in Lovell's Library. This work has been very highly commended by the press, and those wishing to read an intelligent discussion of these subjects will do well to obtain this work, which can be obtained anywhere for twenty cents.

A report of the "Prof. King wing" of the Wayland Seminary alumni came too late for publication this week.

We welcome the Nashville *Sentinel*, Rev. W. A. Sinclair, editor.

Cultivation of Self-Respect.

A child that is uniformly treated with courtesy, with consideration, with justice, will unconsciously deem himself worthy of such treatment, and will become worthy of it, unless he is by nature wholly base; and he will unconsciously treat others as he is treated. It is a fearful thing to give a child the lie, to accuse him of stealing, to accustom him to unexpected and unmerited blows and cuffs. He may merit punishment, but the wise parent never will admit into the household vocabulary the terrible words "liar" and "thief," and will never permit in himself or others the hasty blow, the bitter taunt, the stinging epithet. The refined and educated parent can never tolerate such language as we have indicated. Bitter words are more cruel than blows, and inflict more lasting injuries Care in the choice of associates will do much to foster self-respect in a child. Some mothers think their sons and daughters can go where they choose and play with whom they please, and come out all well in the end. There never was a greater mistake. As well might one think it no difference what air we breathe. Children are quicker than we to catch the tone of associates, to pick up slang words, bad grammar, vulgar ideas—these often seem to be taken in through the very pores, as typhoid poison is, when least expected. Care in the choice of reading will do much to foster self-respect in a child. The boy who grows up with a familiar knowledge of Washington, of Franklin, of Lincoln, and other great men who have been the glory of the nations in which they have been conspicuous, will be far more likely to find his mind filled with noble images, with high ideals, with lofty ambitions, than one who reads sensational newspapers, dime novels, and the comic almanac. Any soil that yields abundantly must contain in itself elements of fertility, and barren soil may have elements artificially supplied to them.

No Secrets from Science.—The doctor arrives at the hospital to make his daily visit of inspection, and receives the ticket of a new patient, "X, musician in German band; pulmonary consumption."

He proceeds to the patient's bedside, surrounded by his admiring class.

"Well, my good fellow, you spit blood, don't you?"

"Yes, doctor, I"—

"That'll do; we know all about it. And you have cold sweats at night, eh?"

"Yes, sir, and"—

"I fancy now that by occupation you are a musician?"

"Yes, I play"—

"Be silent. You belong to a brass band, and you have over exerted yourself—have fairly blown your lungs away puffing into your instrument. Gentlemen, you perceive that sickness has no secrets from science. What instrument do you play upon, my good man?"

"The cymbals, sir.'

Consternation on the doctor's part, and amusement of the students.

Decline of Man.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

Physics Without Apparatus.

During a lecture course by professors who have at their disposal a complete set of physical apparatus, there are some experiments performed by them which at first sight seem very complicated, but which nevertheless may be repeated by means of very simple objects. There is, for instance, the interesting Lissajous experiment, which consists, as the reader is perhaps aware, in throwing on a screen, by means of the oxy-hydrogen lamp, the curves traced by one of the arms of a tuning fork in sonorous vibration. An analogous experiment may be exhibited by means of a common knitting needle. Fix one of the extremities of the needle in a cork to serve as a base; then to the upper free extremity attach a ball of sealing wax, and on this gum a small circle of paper about the diameter of a pea. Now, holding the cork firmly between the fingers of the left hand, cause the needle to sharply vibrate, either by bending it far to one side and then suddenly releasing it, or by suddenly releasing it, or by striking it smartly with a wooden ruler. The little ball of wax surmounted by paper will be seen to describe a more or less elongated ellipse, or a circle, according to the intensity or the number of vibrations. The phenomenon is very perceptible when care is taken to cause the needle to vibrate under a strong light from a lamp; and, in such a case the persistence of the impression on the retina causes the vibrating wire to form an image which has the appearance of a long and graceful bouquet holder, or a champagne glass.

Among the experiments sometimes performed to demonstrate molecular attraction, there is one which is executed by means of an apparatus of a peculiar structure but the same phenomenon may be shown in a much more simple manner, as follows: Having cut two small spheres out of a bottle cork, place them on the surface of water. If one of the balls now be carefully pushed along until it is in quite close proximity to the other, the two will be seen to quickly rush toward each other, just as a bit of iron flies to a magnet when the latter is brought near it. The experiment may be varied by fixing one of the balls to the point of a knife and using it to attract the other ball when floating at a short distance.

A writer in a recent number of *Nature* has pointed out a neat method of obtaining an electric spark by means of a simple apparatus which he calls the "tea-tray electrophorus." A common metallic tea-tray is supported on two dry glass goblets. A piece of common brown paper, cut so as to be a little smaller than the tray, and with round corners, is warmed, laid on the table and rubbed briskly with a piece of India-rubber, or with a clothes brush. It is then laid down for an instant on the tray. If at this juncture some person presents his knuckle to the tray he will receive a bright spark, which under favorable circumstances may be a couple of inches long. By simply putting the paper down, touching the tray, and again lifting up the paper, the tray is again charged, and a large number of sparks may be thus drawn one after the other in rapid succession. The paper may be lifted by the hands, but it will be found better if a couple of strips of paper be fixed on with wax to serve as handles.

The spark obtained by the tea-tray electrophorus may produce a slight pricking sensation, but to give a regular electric shock will oblige us to store up a charge in a Leyden jar. This important piece of apparatus may be improvised as follows: A round-bottomed glass tumbler is procured—thin glass is preferable—and is filled about three-quarters full of small leaden shot. If shot is not at hand *dry* coal dust will answer, though not so well, and great care must be taken to wipe clean the upper part of the tumbler. Everything must be warm and scrupulously dry. Into the shot is inserted a silver spoon to serve the place of a rod and knob. The tumbler is held by grasping it well in the bottom of the hand, so that the palm may cover the whole of the rounded bottom. Having thus prepared and grasped the improvised Leyden jar, it is to be charged with sparks from the tea-tray electrophorus. It should be held with the spoon-handle near to, but not touching, the edge of the tea-tray, while another person performs the operations of lifting the paper up and putting it down, then touching the tray, then lifting up again, and so on until a dozen sparks have been sent into the jar. On touching the "knob" a smart little shock is experienced in the wrists and elbows, and a short, bright, snapping spark announces the discharge of the jar.

The Gorilla.

Of all the members of the monkey family the gorilla is by far the most interesting, and this great interest taken in him can be safely attributed to the meager information we have in regard to his person and habits. Gorilla hunting is a most dangerous and difficult undertaking, and but few Europeans can boast of having killed one of these monsters. H. Von Koppenfels killed his first gorilla, a male of enormous size, in December, 1874, and since that time has spent the greater part of his time in hunting, and at the same time studying the habits and peculiarities of these animals. The following extract from a letter by Mr. Koppenfels will no doubt be interesting to our readers:

The gorillas, who had absented themselves from this neighborhood, returned to the Eliva Comi in small troops, and soon I was notified that a large family were roaming in our neighborhood. I immediately went in search of them, and after wandering about for a considerable time near the only plantation on this side of the Eliva (a lake) I was about to return to the negro village Snigamburi to stay over night, when I suddenly heard a banana tree being broken at the end of a fenced orchard, and I was sure that a gorilla was busy there. Although it was too dark for me to discern objects sufficiently to be able to fire at them, I stopped and managed to get close to the inclosure, but before I could get near enough for a sure shot one of the animals gave the danger signal and came toward me screeching fearfully, whereat the others clambered over the fence of about the height of a man with great agility.

Although the gorilla approached in sudden starts I advanced looking squarely at him. I had already poised my double-barreled rifle through the bushes, when the gorilla, with evident signs of great fright, turned and fled, screeching fearfully. In the moment he appeared at the top of the fence to jump down on the outside, I fired, and the animal fell back into the plantation, roaring infernally. It lay there for some time and then turned to the side, and I could have dispatched it with a second bullet. The heavy ball fired at so short a distance must have wounded the animal to such an extent that it could not possibly escape. Upon hearing the shot and the roaring of the animal, my companions appeared.

I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearest to the gods, who knows how to be silent, even though he is in the right.

An Engineer's Dog Story.

The boys finally drifted into the subject of dogs, and an Illinois Central engineer took the floor. Said he: "It's better than a circus to see the fun I have on my run from Chicago to Champaign and back with the express. There are a dozen dogs that know my train and my whistle as well as they know their master's voice. You see the law requires us to blow two toots at every country road crossing, and these farmer's dogs lie in wait for the express, and when the whistle sounds they get down on the line and lay for us. One dog in particular down on the section below Kensington is as regular as the time table. I know him, and believe he knows me. He is a long bodied, long legged, lop eared cuss, and seems to take as much solid comfort out of a quarter stretch against the express as Splan says his mare takes in a three mile dash. This dog hears the whistle and at once takes his position on my side of the engine, just outside the company's fence. He don't need any starter and don't take any advantage. For a year or two I didn't pay much attention to him, and, being good track, I always distanced him in the first quarter, but after I got better acquainted, met him so regular, and saw he enjoyed it, I kind of humored him. So when I pulled in towards his starting pole I got to slowing up, as it were, and gave him a chance. He would stand with his mouth open, ears flopping and tail pointing south till the cow-catcher was abreast; then he would gather his legs under him like the horsemen say Parole does, and off he'd go. It was a jolly good run so long as he could keep up, and if I did lay myself liable to being sidetracked, I say for many a run he had a fair show. How far did he run? Oh, well, my time-card is thirty-five miles an hour; I'd slow up to about twenty-seven, and the old dog would loll his tongue, and laugh, and bark, and keep up for about twenty or thirty telegraph poles. Then he'd quit, and as I pulled the throttle open and looked back the old rascal would be upended on his haunches, blowing and laughing like a country jake who'd just won a foot race."

Wooden Dishes.

There may be a good many people in this city who do not know how or where are made the neat little wooden dishes in which butter is so generally sold now. So it may not be without interest to note that the largest establishment in the United States for the manufacture of this sort of wooden ware is in this city.

It employs about one hundred hands, mostly girls from twelve to sixteen, or eighteen, some of whom make as much as a dollar a day, and produces easily, 100,000 dishes in a day. It has made 108,000 in a day. It ships its ware to every part of the United States, except the Pacific coast.

The timber found best for the work is white poplar, but sugar-birch, ash and elm will do. The logs are cut in about three feet lengths, steamed for two hours and then put horizontally in a huge turning lathe where, as the log rolls steadily over, three strips, each about one foot wide and 1-16th of an inch thick, are pared off in an unbroken ribbon that might easily be made 500 feet long, if it were necessary.

These strips are passed to a punching machine, where the form of the dish is punched out with the ends cut for lapping and riveting with little tinned wire pins.

About fifty girls are employed in setting and clinching these pins, each with a press worked by a treadle, and this process completes the manufacture, except drying.

They are boxed in "nests" of fifty, the boxes much resembling those diminutive "crates" in which peaches are brought here. It is a singular fact that the waste, the shavings, the spoiled dishes, the splinters, will not burn without a great deal of trouble, though they will do well enough as fuel in a furnace. This peculiarity saves the factory serious cause of danger. The steam saturation of the wood is probably the cause of this.

The Earth's Crust.

Mr. Robert Ward, writing in the *Journal of Science*, considers that the assumption is a fallacy that all but the crust of the earth is a mass of liquid fire. One of the results of the Challenger and other explorations of deep ocean, he says, is to determine that the water towards its bottom is freezing cold. Considering that the ocean covers nearly three-fourths of the entire globe, this fact does not support the theory of central heat accompanied by radiation." The coldest water, it is true, usually sinks by its greater weight toward the bottom, and that, it may be said, accounts for its coldness; but on the theory of radiation the water of the ocean has been for long geological ages supported upon the thin crust of the earth, through which the central heat has been constantly escaping, and yet it is still of freezing coldness. Experience would say that the heat cannot have escaped through the water without warming it, because the capacity of the water for heat is greater than that of any other substance. We can no more, he concludes, imagine such a radiation and consequent accumulation of heat in the ocean without the natural result of a great rise in the temperature, than we can believe in a kettle resting for hours on a hot fire without the usual result of boiling water!

In 1881.

The penal code of Texas forbids the sending of telegraph messages on Sunday.

The Bank of England was founded in 1694. The capital is £14,533,000.

The number of miles of telegraph wires in the world is placed at 492,573.

The mileage of telephone wires in the United States is estimated at 60,000 miles.

The deepest known worked mine is in Australia, a shaft having been sunk 3,900 feet.

There are about 17,000 locomotives running on the railroads of the United States, and 500,000 cars of all kinds.

In the museum of antiquities unearthed at Pompeii is a weapon almost exactly like American bowie-knife.

The regulations for primary education in France now forbid corporeal punishment and provide that the wish of the family shall always be consulted as to participation in religious instruction; that children shall not be sent to church for catechism or service except out of class hours; that the teacher shall not be bound to take them or watch over them there; that Sundays and Thursdays shall be holidays; and that punishment shall consist of bad marks, reprimand, partial privation of recreation, detention after school hours and temporary exclusion, not exceeding two days.

Say what you will, the Christian's faith is very satisfying. He believes that if this little earth should drop out from under him, he would have no difficulty in obtaining a foothold elsewhere.

The People's Advocate.

SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1883.

AGENTS.

Cochran, Ga. . . . Richard Townsend
Baltimore.....
Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington..... { G. B, Anderson.
" ..... { G. W. Renfro.
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.

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LOCAL.

—Miss Susie Evans goes to Fayetteville, N. C. We trust a sojourn in the Old North State will improve her health.

—There will be special music at the Berean Baptist Church to-morrow morning. A special sermon by Rev. A. C. Murphy.

—The picnic by the Washington Cadets Corps last Wednesday at Van Ness park was a success as all of their entertainments are.

—A few summer boarders willbe taken by Mrs. Rosa Gaskins at Mason's hill, 8 miles from Washington. A beautiful view of the Capitol. Address at Linconia, Fairfax Co., Va.

—Rev. Wm. Waring was this week elected trustee of Howard University to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Gen. O. O. Howard. This selection will give universal satisfaction.

—On Sunday evening, the 10th instant, in the rooms of the Howard University Law Department, memorial services will be held in honor of the late Jas. H. A. Parker, by the post graduate class of '82.

—Prof. Wiley Lane was elected last Tuesday evening to the professorship of Greek. Prof. Lane was opposed by Dr. Patton who made aspeech of an hour and a half, but to no purpose, as Prof. Lane was elected by a unanimous vote.

—O. P. Morton and Sumner posts G. A. R., decorated the graves of the colored soldiers at Arlington on Wednesday. A poem by S. A. Wiggins was read by W. R. Davis, of New York, and addresses delivered by F. C. Revells, Wesley Howard and Capt. G. D. W. Graham.

—The death of Mrs. Mamie Smith *nee* Harris, has cast a gloom over a wide circle of her friends. Her married life was of short duration. Her remains were interred on Thursday at Graceland, the religious services being conducted at St. Lukes's P. E. Church, of which she was a member.

—The following persons have recently arrived tnd taken up their stay at the house of Mrs J. Davis 714 K street n. w. Judge Smith, of Colorado. Mr. Hansberry, of Virginia, and Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Morrell, from Philadelphia, *en route* to their home, Sturgis City, Dakota Territory.

—The May feast by Asbury Sunday School at Lincoln Mission Monday night was, in every respect, a magnificent success. The queen was lovely in appearance, attended by equally as lovely maids of honor. The turning of the May pole was most artistically done. Much credit is due the committee in charge of the arrangement.

—Gen. Birney has designs on the Colored High School. If he wants to be consistent with his recent Calvary Baptist speech against isolation in education, he should advocate the abolition of the colored high school and the admission of pupils to the O street school from the 7th and 8th divisions on the same conditions as from other divisions.

—At the graduation exercises Mr. J. G. Hutchins was tribute of appreciation in the shape of an anchor made of the choicest flowers, by the Epicurean Club of Washington, D. C. The anchor was given that the recipient might ever have in mind and reasons to hope for the fulfillment of the pioneers which the law has in store for him.

—In June Oberlin College will celebrate it- first Semi-Centennial. Extensive preparations have been made to make the occasion one of the great interest. It is expected that all the colleges in the country will be represented. The Faculty of Howard University at its last meeting appointed Prof. James M. Gregory to represent the college at the Oberlin celebration.

—Several of the clerks of the Money-order division of the 6th Auditors e desiring to express their esteem for Mr. Jas. Dean one of their fellow clerks who graduated with the honor of his class from Howard University Law Department performally presented him with a Bishop's Criminal Procedure last Monday afternoon. Capt. W. H. Horn made a fitting presentation speech, and Mr. Dean made a graceful response.

—Among the floral tributes Monday night were the scales of justice and equity to Mrs. Cary, from the trustees of the 7th and 8th divisions and her fellow teachers, a horseshoe from the members of the Advisory Board of Bethel Literary to Mr. R. J. Smith, a tin sign, gilt letters on a black ground, "Jas. Dean, attorney and counsellor-at-law," in an exquisite frame of roses from the Floridian residence in Washington.

—The 8th Division Concert at Lincoln Hall Friday night of last week which was largely attended, came up to general expectation. The features deserving special commendation was the skill informing an reforming of lines by the Garnet School, the calisthenic exercises by pupils from the Miner School the "estheties" from the Sumner School, the recitation by Miss Freeman of Sumner who evinced a high or derof histrionic talent and the readings by Miss Janie Grant. A Miss Seaton who sang the solo parts in the chorus from the Garnet building deserves to be complimented.

—Bethel Literary closed Tuesday night The programme was unique and interesting. After devotional exercises the president, R. J. Smith, read Tongee's "Dark horse of 1980." Miss A. E. H. Geary, gave an essay on the average colored school boy of 1980. Miss Mattie Bowen, one on "the school marm one century hence." Prof. G. W. Cook, "the colored politician of 1983," and Rev. Wm. Waring, "the colored preacher, one century hence." These all furnished food for thought, and exhibited imaginative powers of a high order in anticipating the wonderful advances in science, politics, pedagogics, and theology, a century hence. Ricks and Miss C. McPherson, rendered a duett. Mrs. Tyree, a solo, Come when you will, which was encored. Mrs. R. J. Smith, gave a grand solo. Miss Black acted as accompanist.

The Wayland Alumni.

At the business meeting of this association of the Wayland seminary, held on Wednesday evening, the following officers were elected: President, R. H. Porter; vice-president, E. Duncan, treasurer, Miss Margaret Washington; recording secretary, J. W. Garris, and corresponding secretary, P. W. Pulley. The following resolution was also adopted:

Whenever an individual race or nation has been insulted, unjustly treated and their natural rights interfered with (beyond endurance) by another individual, race, or nation, there would be just grounds for the separation of kindred ties. It is on this principle that some of the greatest revolutions for right and truth have been accomplished. We, the alumni of Wayland Seminary, hold that the principal has insulted, unjustly treated, and has trampled upon our most sacred rights. There are instances in which the principal of Wayland has maltreated, beyond endurance, students, undergraduates, and even members of the alumni. The assault upon Miss Mary E. Williams, which resulted in the arrest of the principal, was but the culmination of a long series of abuses and insults which too frequently marred the peace and happiness of our alma mater. We, therefore, resolve not to meet at Wayland so long as that institution is order, its present administration. For to meet there would simply be sustaining the principal in his attitude toward the colored people in this country, and by so doing we would forfeit all claims to moral conrage and independence of thought and action.

Open Air Concert.

There will be a military pic-nic and open air concert by Company A, Capita City Guard at Van Ness Park Tuesday next, the fifth instant. The brass and string music will be by an orchestra of fifteen pieces under the leadership of Prof. Krause. This will be a first-class affair, and the pleasure loving community will do well to patronize the entertainment. The admission is placed at twenty-five cents. The committee of arrangements consist of Lieut. P. B. Meredith, chairman; Sergt. C. H. Hill, Sergt. G. B. Lucas, Corporals J. A. Savoy and J. S. Brown, privates G. H. Carroll, J. A. Johnson, R. P. Ellis, J. T. Burnett, and J. F. Dade. The honorary members represented are Lieut. Judson Malvin, J. F. Boston, J. S. Coolidge, and T. H. Vance.

Asbury's Anniversary.

The 54th anniversary of Asbury M. E. Sunday School was celebrated last Sunday afternoon. The church was tastefully decorated with flowers, while here and there the songters of the wooded poured forth from their melodious voices the sweetest of music. The church was literally packed. Mr. Jas. H. Chestnut made the welcome address. Other addresses were delivered by W. H. Grimshaw on behalf of Ebenezer Sunday School, R. A. Palmer, Chas. Hunt and Rev. W. H. Draper. Essays were read by Miss Eliza C. Davis and Miss Katie R. Martin. The following schools were present to aid in the singing: Ebenezer, Wesley, Mt. Zion, and Central. Bishop Payne pronounced the benediction. The committee of arrangements deserve much credit for the success.

Company B Wins the Flag.

The beautiful silk flag gotten up by the Laboring mens Union to be contested for by the colored militia at Ricks' Park on the 30th instant, was won by Company B, Capital City Guard. Captain W. P. Gray, the drill-master of this company, was greeted with tremendous rounds of applause. They surprised the audience and judges by their perfection in the military art.

On Thirty Days' Trial.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

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Arithmetic: How many perches in a chain of lakes.

Mining stocks were not invented in Banquo's time, although he said: "The earth hath bubbles as the water hath."

When a man is informed that his wife wishes to speak to him, what article on his study table does he mention in reply? "Letter-weight."

Boy: "Teacher, there's a gal over there a winkin' at me." Teacher: "Well, then, don't look at her." Boy: "But if I don't look at her she'll wink at somebody else."

"I suppose you have some amusing young ladies there in Washington?" "Why—how so?" "Well, I read the other day that some of Mr. Conger's Sallies had provoked great laughter."

"You seem to enjoy telling fibs," dryly remarked an old lady to her little niece, the other day. "Yes, auntie," replied the child, "I think I do, but I enjoy having you swallow them more."

A misunderstanding somewhere—Elder Party: "Have those herrings roes?" Fishmonger: "Not they, mum; same price as hever at the hold shop; two for three ha'pence."

The following conversation took place between a kind-hearted lady and a small boy, who politely swung open the gate for her. "Ah! what a nice, polished, polite little boy you are! I suppose you live about here?" "You lie, I don't."

Somebody observed in the presence of a woman-hater that it was a curious fact that girls never learn to play marbles. "Nothing curious about it," he interposed; "the sex, even at that age, are too stuck up to knuckle down."

In the Park—Attendant (trying to be civil:) "Yes, miss, you're feet are small; what ladies' aren't? But the skates—I never see such small skates! I think it would be better if you changed with the gent, I do."

Turning the tables—The Guv'nor: "Another of these college bills of yours, sir! It's too bad, a great deal too bad—it shows a want of principle, sir." Son and heir: "It's not the want of principle, dad; it's the want of means to act up to it."

A Southwark maiden asks: "When a young man comes twice a week with a carriage, and takes a young lady to the theatre and a supper afterward, and makes her magnificent presents, what does it indicate?" It indicates ma'am, that he has got more money to fool away than we have.

A distinguished lady, having purchased a dog from a worthy vender from the East End, inquired its name. "William," the man responded, after some hesitation. "William? Is not that a little odd?" "Well ma'am, we calls him Bill," said the man, "but I didn't like to say that to the likes of you!"

"You're sister 'Melia's feller, ain't you?" asked the little trotter, not yet out of dresses. "Well, what do you think about it?" was the replying question, with a redness of the face that nearly matched his hair. "I fink," said the little one, "that mam ma talks awfully 'bout the 'margerine on your hair gettin' the new wall paper dirty." There's where the child made a mistake. He drew no candy that trip.

Little Gracie had been told that it was impolite to take the last biscuit on the table. The other morning, at breakfast, she was observed to gaze long and earnestly at the solitary biscuit on the breadplate. The temptation at last proved too great. Reaching for the coveted morsel, she exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, I'se almost 'tarved! I dess I won't be polite to-day, I'll wait till some day when I ain't too hungry."

A rumseller in Lewistown, Me., having challenged several jurors, was informed by the bench that he must give good and sufficient reasons for such actions. "May it please yer Honor, Mr. Judge," said the accused with mock gravity, "I would a good deal rather be tried by a man that doesn't know me, than by a man that does." The dignity of the whole court-room gave way at the richness of this bull, and it was several minutes before the Judge himself regained his composure. The prisoner then pleaded guilty without a trial.

A beautiful golden-yellow dye is now prepared from the young wood of various poplars. The young branches and shoots are cut off, crushed and brayed, then boiled in alum water, in the proportions of ten pounds of wood and one pound powdered alum to three gallons of water. The liquor is boiled from twenty minutes to half an hour, and then filtered. In cooling, it thickens and clears, throwing down a greenish yellow deposit of resinous matter. When sufficiently clear, the liquid is again filtered, and then left exposed to the air for three or four days more, according to the weather and atmosphere. It quickly oxidizes under the action of the light and air, and assumes a rich golden tint, and in this state can be used for dyeing fabrics of all descriptions. For yellow and orange-yellow shades, it is used alone; mixed with Prussian blue, it gives green; with oak bark, brown and tan; with cochineal, etc., orange and scarlet shades. The coloring thus produced is said to be of superior quality.

CHILDREN'S TEMPERS.—Children should be loved through their little tempers, and through their occasional naughtiness, and through the days when they are not sweet, but trying and captious. The dearest children have such days. One is puzzled to know why Lulu, who went to bed a cherub, could be a little fury in the morning; why Harry, usually candid and open as the day, should be at times sullen and disagreeable. There are often physical reasons for these transformations. You have had sour bread. You have been letting pastry and cake enter too largely into your bill of fare. You have suffered the delicate child and the strong one to sleep together, or the fresh air has not vitalized the sleeping apartment sufficiently. Perhaps you are not confidential enough with your children, and do not make yourself acquainted as you ought with their companions. But whatever mistake you make, be sure you love them.

Porcelain type is coming into use in France. Two large printing houses in Paris have pronounced it thoroughly satisfactory for broadside work. Porcelain types closely resemble those made of metal, but are much less liable to become broken or damaged from falls. In color printing they take the ink more readily than wood or metal. They are represented to be from 30 to 40 per cent. cheaper than metal and of about the same price as wood type.

The publisher of the *Phonograph*, an English short-hand magazine, offered prizes awhile ago for miniature short-hand, the writing to be legible to the naked eye, and on one side of an English postcard. The first prize was awarded to G. H. Davidson, whose post-card contained 32,363 words, including the whole of Goldsmith's "She stoops to Conquer," an essay on John Morley, and half of Holcraft's "Road to Ruin."

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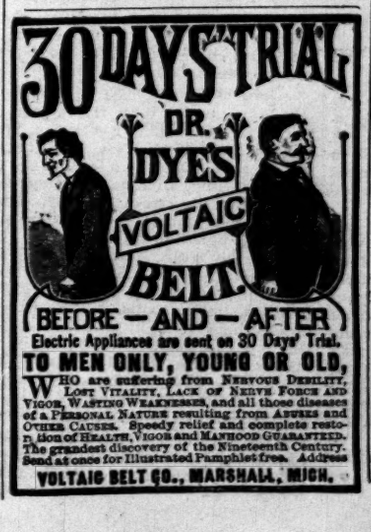

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HARRY HARCOURT'S DREAM.

Harry Harcourt was not given to dreaming on ordinary occasions; in fact, he seldom dreamt at all, for he was a sound sleeper, with a stomach like an alligator's and a conscience like a baby's.

An easy conscience and a good digestion are the best promoters of healthy sleep the world over, and I do not wonder that Harry Harcourt slept well.

Harry Harcourt had a hobby. Most practical and impractical people have hobbies. My hero's hobby was the imaginary financial, political, legal and every way possible superiority of men's responsibilities over women's duties in raising a family and providing for the household.

Mrs. Harcourt was a pale little woman with a big family. Pale little women are very apt to be mothers of big families. They are like decaying apple trees—exceedingly fruitful because of their predisposition to early death.

Mrs. Harcourt's children were boys, ruddy, rollicking, jolly little romping fellows, whose knees would peep through their trousers and whose elbows would get ragged in spite of their pale mother's untiring assiduity.

"If I had nothing more to do than you have, Mrs. Harcourt, I am sure I would keep the children's jackets and trousers in order," said Harry Harcourt one day, when Ben and Billy came rushing into the great unfurnished farm-house, driving a tandem team of the other boys, and tracking mud upon the newly mopped floor.

The boys waked the baby, who had just fallen asleep after an hour of incessant rocking while the mother had wearily plied her needle; and they upset her work-basket in a heap as they galloped around the room in high glee.

Harry always said, "Mrs. Harcourt," when he meant to be extremely dignified.

Mrs. Harcourt was not always as meek as she looked, and her husband had many a time discovered it to his cost. She had a will of her own when aroused, and Harry Harcourt had once more unwittingly aroused her by riding his strongest hobby directly athwart her sense of justice, when she was nervous from over exertion.

"If I had nothing more to do than you have, Mr. Harcourt, or if I had the control of my own earnings as you do, I'd once in awhile be able to buy the children something new to wear, so that they wouldn't always have to depend upon patches?"

"That's all a woman knows about economy. You'd break me up in three months if you had free swing at the finances. New clothes for the children, indeed. Let 'em wear their old ones!"

"That's what they have been doing all along, Mr. Harcourt, and they were mostly made up of old clothes in the first place. If I was only free from all the unpaid drudgery that you impose upon me without any remuneration whatever, I would earn money and buy clothes for the children as fast as they are needed; but I have to be cook, nurse, laundress, dish-washer, dairy-maid, scullion, mop-rag, needle woman and general scapegoat all the time, and all for the sake of being supported. It wasn't so when I was a school-ma'am. I had my own money then, and no thanks to anybody for it, either."

After delivering herself of this tirade, Mrs. Harcourt shook the screaming baby till it grew silent from sheer exhaustion, and then laid it back in the cradle, while she renewed her efforts with her needle.

She was patching a pair of old and dirty trousers which had reached the vexatious age that required patch upon patch to make them presentable.

"I could do more work than you do Mrs. Harcourt, and get along with less money, and carry a rail on my shoulder all the time, at that!" said Harry Harcourt, contemptuously.

"Could you, now?" asked the pale little woman, with a bitter smile.

"Of course I could. Women have no responsibilities. I support my family and bear all the burdens of life. I can remember, too, since reflections are in order, Mrs. Harcourt, that there was a time when I had no cares nor responsibilities, no wife nor children to bother me, and nothing under the sun to ruffle my temper."

"Would you like to be rid of me Harry?"

The indignant husband did not answer in words, but he gave vent to a prolonged whistle and left the room, banging the door after him with a vim that jarred the whole house and set her nerves a-tingling like so many stinging bees in swarming time.

The baby sobbed itself into a grieved and uneasy slumber, the tandem team and rollicking drive of boys skurried off into the woodshed, and the house was still again.

In a little while the trousers were mended, but the overturned contents of the upset work-basket fairly appalled her as she contemplated the promiscuous pile—socks, out at toes and heels and ragged in the ribbing; shirts, minus buttons, with sleeves torn at the elbows, and wristbands frayed at the edges; jackets with linings torn and pockets worn into shreds; more trousers, a torn mitten, two school-books to cover, and a lunch-bag to supply with a new strap. It was almost supper time, too, and this was Saturday.

Mrs. Harcourt was far too conscientious to do any work on Sunday that could be avoided, and all this amount of "easy, irresponsible work" must be finished before she could sleep.

Monday would bring another school day, and it would also bring about the inevitable washing. The children "must look like other children" if their mother lost her life in the effort to keep them scrubbed and fed and whole and clean.

Mrs. Harcourt tiptoed softly out of the room.

The baby was nervous, like herself—no wonder poor thing—and was easily awakened from its fitful slumbers.

There was no kindling wood for the kitchen stove, but Mrs. Harcourt was used to that. She split a piece of pitch pine into splinters and soon had a roaring fire and a red-hot oven. In her haste to prepare the meal before the baby should awake and cry, she burnt her meat and scorched her potatoes and burned a heavy crust on her biscuit.

So the supper was indigestible—an unusual thing—but Harry ate heartily and as usual retired early to rest, leaving his pale-faced wife to wash the dishes and scrub the children, and after they were safe in bed, apply herself to finish the huge basket of mending before the mantle clock should chime the hour of midnight.

Harry Harcourt felt a little anxious and a trifle mean as he watched her furtively and saw how very pale and weary she was; but he was not the man to unbend from his fancied dignity, nor did he really believe that his wife deserved his sympathy. He lay upon his back in the bedroom adjoining leaving the door slightly ajar.

Stitch, stitch, stitch, went the weary fingers of his pale-faced wife, as the hours went on, her feet in the meantime keeping up a ceaseless rock, rock, rock, with the swaying cradle.

Harry Harcourt was uneasy. Perhaps it was his supper, perhaps it was his conscience. But his stomach and his conscience were alike impervious to ordinary disturbances, and I leave the reader to guess the cause of his uneasiness. He raised up on his elbow and gazed out into the room where his wife was sewing.

Stitch, stitch, stitch; rock, rock, rock. Would the stitching and rocking never stop?

"But pshaw!" thought Harry Harcourt. "What right have I to be uneasy? A woman's work is nothing. Let her stitch and let her rock. It's what women are made for."

Still he could not help reclining there and watching her.

The clock struck eleven, and still her silent, weary work went on; and, as Harry Harcourt gazed, he fancied that her entire brain and body become transparent, and he could see himself reflected in her thoughts as he had never seen himself before. "Yes, yes," she soliloquised, and her mental thoughts thrilled him like electricity," "Harry thinks he is the head of this family, and its only provider, stay and support. But bless him, he doesn't know. I guess I'll retire from the firm and give him a much-needed lesson."

And she bent low over the cradle and kissed the sleeping baby, and even while he gazed at her she disappeared.

What had become of her?

Harry Harcourt arose from his couch and put on his clothes and approached the cradle reverently and cautiously. Near it was her low rocking-chair, and by its side the heaped up work-basket, and her scissors, spool and thimble. On the floor which was yet damp from the after supper mopping it had received when the children and himself were in bed, lay a promiscuous array of old clothes, washed ironed, patched and mended by her patient fingers. He gathered up the worn garments one by one, and as he touched them, felt that they were warm with the wasted life-forces of his pale-faced wife.

The night passed away, morning roseate and radiant beamed in at the curtained window where Harry Harcourt sat watching. The baby awoke and began its usual wailing cry. He tried hard to pacify it with the nursing bottle his wife had provided the night before, but it refused to be comforted. He remembered seeing its mother shake it into a few extra screams, followed by a season of quietude, but when he tried the experiment it did not succeed.

What was he to do?

The older children were up by this time, clamoring and hungry and cold. He knocked them to the right and left, with his open hands and scolded them into trembling silence.

"Where's my mamma?"

The unanswerable question was repeated over and over till Harry Harcourt grew frantic with suspense and grief and bewilderment.

The pile of mending had not been all completed, and the many missing buttons made it very inconvenient for him to dress the children properly for Sabbath school.

The breakfast was a complete failure. The children could not eat his primitive cooking, and the baby's wailing cries racked his nerves—strong and healthy as he was—till he was desperate enough to almost strangle it.

Dinner was a more perplexing meal for him to prepare than breakfast. He whipped Ben and Billy to make them wash the dishes, and whipped them even harder when they broke half of them into a shapeless-mass by letting the dish-pan fall.

Monday came at last, and after a sleepless night with the wailing baby, Harry Harcourt went once more through the perplexing work of the morning in the kitchen.

And then came the washing.

A wearier, crosser man than Harry Harcourt never sat down to a cold dinner.

The children skulked in the corners and fairly forgot to play at tandem teaming. In a few days their clothes wore out again, and he could not patch them, nor could he get away from the house to earn or even buy new ones. His own garments grew buttonless and his food was insupportably indigestible.

When Harry Harcourt looked in the glass, he found himself growing pale, like his vanished wife. "No wonder she grew white and thin, poor thing," he sighed sadly. "I shall die before many days if I have to carry all this responsibility on my shoulders without assistance."

"Nobody ever helped mamma," said Billy, and he dodged behind the cradle to avoid being buffetted for his temerity.

"That is true," thought Harry Harcourt.

And then his health began to fail, and his strength forsook him, and his head ached, and his temples throbbed, and his feet grew sore and weary, and he felt himself sinking, sinking, sinking into the grave.

"What will become of the poor children when I am gone?" he thought next Saturday evening, as he wearily stitched, stitched, stitched till midnight. "But I deserve no better fate than my present lot, and I have no reason to complain if I do suffer. I never appreciated Fanny. Poor thing! If I only had her back I'd give her the free and equal possession and use of everything on the plantation. She should have help—plenty of it—and all the money she needed to spend or save, as her own sense would dictate, and I'd never call myself the responsible head, provider and supporter of the family, nor accuse her of having nothing to do—no, never. But it's too late now. She's gone, and I'm left to carry the load that I would never acknowledge was a load when she had to carry it."

The baby cried harder and louder than ever, and Harry Harcourt felt himself sinking lower and lower in health and strength, till finally he fell sprawling upon the floor, from which he arose at last, rubbing the "crazy-bone" of his right elbow, and staring around the room in a state of semi-consciousness.

"What in the world's the matter, Harry Harcourt?" asked his pale-faced wife in alarm.

"Are you really there, Fanny?" he asked, eagerly. "I thought you were dead, darling!"

"No, Harry, I'm not dead yet, but I shall be before long at this rate," was the despairing reply. I've been mending the children's clothes for three hours while you've been snoring."

"And you haven't been away at all?"

"I been away? Why, Harry, you must be crazy! How could I get away, I'd like to know? With all these backs to clothe and all these mouths to feed, to say nothing of washing, ironing, churning, scrubbing and taking care of the baby. I've too many responsibilities here to think of going away, unless death calls me. And, to tell you the truth, Harry, I don't think it will be very long before I am called, for my strength is failing rapidly and I have frequent sinking spells. I have felt a half-dozen times to-night as if I would sink through the floor. But then it isn't any matter. Maybe when I'm gone you can get a wife who can manage better and spare you the humiliation of seeing your children out at the knees and elbows."

"Wife, your husband has been a confounded selfish, short-sighted idiot, and you've been a silent, suffering angel!" exclaimed Harry Harcourt, clasping her in his strong arms, and seating himself in her rocking-chair with her head resting on his bosom. "I've had a dream, dear, and I've lived through a whole week of your daily life in the last three hours, and I swear to you, by all that's holy, that if I live till Monday morning there will be strong help provided for you in the kitchen, and you shall have all the money you want to buy clothes for you and the children. And I'll never say again that you have nothing to do. Why, there isn't a man in America who could live as long as you have and do the work that you have done for ten years, or ever since we've been married."

"The work is the very smallest part of my trials, Harry. I've been a mother to all these children in that time, you know."

Harry Harcourt hadn't thought of that before; but he considered it now. And he became at once a strong and earnest advocate of equal rights for men and women, with the added right of women to protection from hard labor while bearing children.

If you want to hear an unanswerable argument upon the woman question at any time, you've only to say in my hero's hearing that women are supported by men, while men make the living. In short, he has swapped his old hobby-horse of masculine supremacy for the new and perfect one of feminine equality. His common pale-faced wife has regained her old-time girlish grace and ruddiness, and there is no better managed household in all the land than hers. Harry Harcourt did not buy the thousand-dollar horse he had set his heart upon, but he restored in its stead the happy, loving heart that had well nigh been estranged from him through his former acts of greed and selfishness.

Words of Wisdom.

A tender conscience is an inestimable blessing; that is a conscience not only quick to discern what is evil, but instantly to shun it, as the eyelid closes itself against the mote.—[T. Adams.

Wise men mingle innocent mirth with their cares as a help either to forget or overcome them, but to resort to intoxication for the ease of one's mind is to cure melancholy with madness.—[Charron.

Oftentimes could I wish that I had held my peace when I have spoken; and that I had not been in company. Why do we talk so willingly, when notwithstanding we seldom return to silence without hurt of conscience?—[Thomas à Kempis.

As physicians have already their instruments ready for cases which suddenly require their skill, so do thou have principles ready for the understanding of things divine and human.—[Marcus Antonious.

The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder; a waif, a nothing, a no man. Have a purpose in life, if it is only to kill and divide and sell oxen well, but have a purpose; and having it throw such strength of mind and muscle into your work as God has given you.

The Bible has been tried in ages of the past by godless men, like Voltaire; it has been tried by the best classes, like Wilberforce; it has been tried by men in every conceivable position, in prosperity and adversity, and it has stood the test. You need not be afraid to build your hopes upon it for time and eternity.

A good man is not a raging tiger, spoiling for a fight. Rather does he resemble the figure of the Aarchangel Michael, striking at the right moment only, and, therefore, with perfect effect. A man must be very clever in order to be perfectly good. Goodness is the highest intellectual effort of the human mind, and it, therefore, needs a very skillful person to describe it.

Every person writes his real biography, unknown to himself, on the hearts of those who live with him and do business with him. So hypocrisy is found out silently every day in this life much more than many imagine. Many of us are wearing masks of glass. We think they hide us when they only cover. Every day is a judgment day.

The world at large has not got beyond thinking that the three R's are the only essentials. Slowly it is coming to admit a fourth R, that means righteousness; until, at length, in the sure progress of civilization, all the sides of this manifold nature will be finally considered, in forming the "course," not of "study" merely, but rather of training that is to develop aright the young human being.

Miscellaneous Recipes.

Pea Soup with Celery.—Boil split peas till they are in a thorough mash; melt a little finely chopped suet in a pan, frizzle in it a little finely chopped onion; mix this with the peas, add more water to make soup, pepper, salt and powdered sage, and let it simmer well for twenty minutes.

Plain Suet Pudding.—Two large cups of sifted flour, two teaspoonfuls of yeast powder sifted with the flour, one cupful of the minced suit, two well-beaten eggs, a little salt and a pint of milk. Pour the mixture into a greased mold, or tin pail set into a kettle of hot water and boil constantly for two hours. Eat with sweetened and flavored cream or a liquid sauce.

Velvet Pudding.—Beat the whites and yolks of six eggs separately. Sift one-half pound of wheat flour, make a smooth batter with milk, stir in the yolks and a little salt, then the remainder of the quart of milk, a large spoonful of brandy and the whites beaten to a stiff froth. Bake half an hour in a buttered pan. Serve with a brandy sauce, colored with a little cochineal. I know of no pudding more delicate and appropriate after a hearty dinner.

Snow Pudding.—Pour one-half pint of cold water on a half-box of gelatine; after standing ten minutes, pour one-half pint of boiling water, add one cup of sugar, and the whites of four or six eggs; beat three-fourths of an hour; place in a dish used on the table and put on ice to harden. Flavor the mixture with wine, or if preferred, the juice of two lemons, in which case add one cup of sugar. To be eaten with cream, or a rich boiled custard.

Tomato Soup.—Place in a saucepan one carrot, one white turnip and one onion, all sliced and fried brown in butter, and a quarter of a pound of ham; when the moisture is evaporated, add two teaspoonfuls of flour and brown with the vegetables; add three pints of good beef broth, one can of tomatoes a few bay leaves, a pinch of ground cloves, a stalk of celery, a little grated nutmeg; boil till the vegetables are done, and pass forciby through a sieve; place on the fire, bring to a boil, and skim serve with plain boiled rice or small squares of bread, fried brown in butter.

The great want of the strawberry is moisture, and yet it will not flourish with its roots in stagnant water. From the time the blossoms appear until the fruit is ripe, the soil should be kept constantly moist. Where a bed is so situated that water can be turned on it, either from a spring or by water-works, wonderful crops of this fruit may be produced.

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